

## HIS LESSON

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"Don't do it, Dennis!" pleaded Mrs. Foley.

"I've made up my mind," responded her husband in his usual set and determined way. "It's the call of ambition, woman! I've been humble and lowly too long. It's the chance of my life, and I'm going to take it."

"Aren't we well enough off, Dennis, dear?" objected Mrs. Foley. "You've got a steady job. It's in a line you understand. Better to be the foreman of the ward sewer and paving gang than some half-breed position you may not be able to hold a year."

"I know my powers, woman; I know my powers. The new reform candidate is going to win, and if I stump for him he's promised me a better position."

Mrs. Foley sighed. They were humble folk. Dennis was uneducated, their little home was located in a poor section. "But it was all their own and Dennis was a good husband and a kind father."

Their daughter Nora was earning a fair salary as a stenographer. She was engaged to an estimable young man, a budding architect and engineer. They were all looking up to in their own social sphere, humble as it was, because they were respectable. Once, in the far past, Dennis had been a drinking man, but that was long gone by.

And now came the break that worried and grieved the good housewife. Dennis was bent on breaking into politics. In vain Mrs. Foley pictured the downfall of Mr. Herndon, whose son, Sidney, was engaged to Nora. Politics had ruined the elder Herndon and he had died of broken fortunes and a broken heart.

Dennis went his own way. For two months he was away from home often until midnight. More than once he had come under the influence of liquor. He had mortgaged the little home to the full limit to secure campaign funds.

"It will all come back, Mary," he declared ten times over. "My candidate is sure to win."

And the day after the election, when his candidate had, indeed, won



"What did I tell you?" He crowed, the cherished goal, he came into the house in a great state of drink and glee.

"What did I tell you?" he crowed. "I'm appointed superintendent of the ward water department district at just double what I was earning before."

Then, to the silent gnawing sorrow of Mrs. Foley, he was gone for two days. He did not come home at all during that period. Mrs. Foley learned that he was "celebrating" his accession to supposed power of winning and dining his faithful adherents. Her cup of misery seemed full to the brim when they brought him home on a stretcher one night. In a fight with his irritated political opponents Dennis had got the worst of it. They had beaten him up terribly. For a week he lay in bed mending up, in discomfort and pain, but by no means penitent or forgiving.

"I'm just waiting to get back my strength to pay off the gang that dined me," he told his wife. "I'll show them!"

Dennis came home the next night, unrepentant. A disorderly crowd composed of his adherents followed him to the door. They cheered him and made a great hurrah. Dennis made a maudlin speech in reply to their noisy congratulations.

Mrs. Foley, peering timorously from behind a curtain, discerned that the occasion memorialized some signal action against his enemies on the part of her husband.

She gathered from the exultant remarks of the crowd that the new water department superintendent had

## TESTAMENT STOPS BULLET

British Soldier Saved by Bible That Was Pierced Through to Corinthisans.

Charles M. Alexander, singing evangelist and partner of Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, who passed through this city yesterday on his way to Northfield, said thousands of British soldiers were carrying pocket Bibles as they went to the front. The evangelist believed that the Pocket Testament League, which distributed the Scriptures, "would evangelize the British army, both at the front and at home." The league was organized in Philadelphia in the course of the Chapman campaign.

Bodies as well as souls are being saved by the pocket Testaments, in proof of which Mr. Alexander shows a New Testament pierced by a German bullet. This book was hit while reposing in the pocket of a British soldier in a trench in Flanders. The steel pellet plowed through 400 pages, stopping at First Corinthians. This Testament saved its owner's life.

"put it over" on his adversaries. They chuckled, they gloated, and left their political leader to stagger into the house with the braggadocio of some triumphant war hero.

He was too muddled to give a coherent explanation to his wife of the doings of the night. Early the next morning, however, a neighbor came over with the morning paper.

There it was all in type—the mad frolic of her helpmeet. It appeared that he had braced himself up with drinks innumerable. Then he and his cohorts had started out on a wild campaign of retribution against their political foes.

What Dennis had done was to fully assume the authority of the city water department. He had supplied himself with the official water shut-off rod. One after the other, whether delinquent in the payment of their water tax or not, he had proceeded to turn off the hydrant supply from the street.

So drastic had been his action that one entire end of the ward had no water for twelve hours. The parched, indignant victims of this official frolic had at once sent a committee of protest to the mayor. It was after midnight when they reached that functionary. His action was summary. The newspaper announced the dismissal of the new water department superintendent from his official duties and Dennis was out of a job.

Then Dennis Foley went to pieces. He became an idler, spending his time pestering his former political sponsors, haranguing crowds in his favorite saloon on the ingratitude of an unappreciative municipality. He neglected his family. A shrewd, tricky crowd involved him in a flagrant political conspiracy and all hands were sent to the house of correction for a year.

Mary visited him there weekly, but she had little to tell him that was comforting. Their little property had been foreclosed on. Sidney had married Nora and they had moved to a little town in the interior where Sidney had secured a position. Too proud to live on them, Mrs. Foley was sustaining herself by working as janitress in an office building.

The day that Dennis was released from prison, he was amazed and embarrassed to have his son-in-law appear as the first one to greet him at the steps of the reformatory.

"Well, father," he said in a friendly way, "I hope you've seen the folly of politics."

"When you see me back at pickaxe and shovel," observed Dennis, "believe me that I have!"

"Oh, I fancy you won't have to go way back to those rudiments," smiled Sidney, slapping his contrite relative briskly on the shoulder. "If there's to be no more drinking—"

"Try me and see!" muttered Dennis between his set teeth.

"Then Nora and I have blocked out a fine future for you. They have appointed me business agent of the town where we live. They are going to put in water and gas and pave the streets. See here, you're an expert in those lines. How would you like to be my superintendent?"

There were tears in the eyes of Dennis Foley. All his wretched mistakes seemed fading away like a bad dream as he and Mary reached the train with Sidney. The old woman broke down utterly when their daughter welcomed them to her neat hospitable home and Sidney pointed from the window to a lonely little cottage. "See that house, father?" he inquired. "Well, it's furnished, a cow in the shed and a coop full of chickens, two years' improvements ordered for the town and all you've got to do is to work."

"And forget," murmured the grateful Mary softly.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

**Poisons and Disinfectants.** The poisons and disagreeable odors are always associated in our minds with the disinfectants. We know germs are routed and destroyed by the liberal use of ill-smelling drugs. Fragrance and sweetness, too, play an active part in disposing of unwelcome germs. The odor of cloves has been known to destroy microbes in 35 minutes; cinnamon kills some species in 12 minutes, and thyme in 25 minutes. The common wild verbena is found to be an effective destroyer of microbes in 45 minutes. The odor of some geranium flowers has destroyed various forms of microbes in 50 minutes.

**Which Makes a Difference.** "The only thing I can find to say against you, Jane," said her mistress, "is that your washing bill is far too much. Last week you had six waists in the wash. Why, my own daughter never needs more than three."

Jane—Ah, that may be, mum, but I have to. Your daughter's sweetheart is a bank clerk, while my young man is a chimney sweep. It makes a difference, mum!"

**Its Sort.** "Here's a story of a woman who bravely killed a rattlesnake that was trying to climb into her basket."

"That's a rattling good tale."

Since the war began Mr. Alexander has devoted considerable attention to distributing Testaments among Kitcheners' soldiers. The plan is to have every recruit sign a pledge card signifying his willingness to carry the Testament always and read a chapter each day. Mr. Alexander spent two months in the training camps on Salisbury plain, in which time 9,708 soldiers joined the league.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**Oh, So Sweetly.**

The young women present were discussing their ages. And one of the girls said: "I don't know what it is about my appearance, but everybody always guesses me a lot younger than I really am." And another of the girls answered, oh, so sweetly: "Oh, that's after they have heard you talk, isn't it, dear?"

**Early Attachment.** "Didn't you ever hide a dime novel behind your geography and read it in school?" "No." "I suppose you plume yourself on that." "Not at all. I was a love thief and couldn't read."

# TOOLS, THE TEAM, AND THE MAN DETERMINE GOOD OR BAD PLOWING

By S. M. CLINTON



ALTHOUGH the plow is the first implement used by man in field farming, real progress in its development has come only within the last fifty years. First mention of the plow in the Old Testament is by Job where he says: "The oxen plowing and the asses feeding beside them." In Job's time the plow was probably a crooked stick drawn by oxen, with a straight stick bound to their horns to which a grass rope was attached.

This kind of implement was in use for thousands of years afterward, and even now in Old Mexico, within a hundred miles of the borderland of America, the crooked stick is still used.

About a hundred and fifty years ago a plow with a wooden mold board was devised, and this held away for fifty years, when some genius of a blacksmith put an iron edge on it, and it was then thought that the perfection of plow making had been reached. Then came the plow with the iron mold board and wooden frame. This was followed by the all-steel plow, which now reigns supreme.

The aristocratic offspring of the all-steel plow is the disk, and this implement, in connection with the plow itself, is doing such good work that it does not seem possible that we shall see any decided improvement in this instrument for some time.

Good plowing depends as much upon the kind of plow used as upon the man who directs it. A great many farmers have yet to learn that one plow will not do satisfactory work in all kinds of soil and under all conditions.

Perhaps the best plow to use is the one with the chilled share and point. I think it is a mistake to use a plow point that has to be constantly renewed; for every time a blacksmith tinkers with it he turns out a different kind of plow, and this is one reason why there is so much poor plowing done in this country. When a man gets a plow which does the work to his entire satisfaction he should stick to it, and never permit its shape to be changed, if possible. With a soft point that has to be constantly renewed this is not possible, and that is why I prefer the chilled point.

Daniel Webster once essayed to be a plow-maker. After years of deep thinking and experimenting, he turned out a most wonderful implement. It was over twelve feet long, built of wood, with an iron point, and required four yokes of oxen to pull it. It turned a furrow eighteen inches wide, twelve inches deep, which resembled the irrigation ditches of today. This did not last long, however, and was never used outside of Massachusetts.

To do good work the plow must scour well;

## CHATS WITH THE AMBITIOUS FOLK

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

### NEVER TOO LATE FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

A New York millionaire—a prince among merchants—took me over his palatial residence on Fifth avenue, every room of which was a triumph of the architect's, of the decorator's, and of the upholsterer's art. I was told that the decorations of a single sleeping room had cost \$10,000. On the walls were paintings which cost fabulous prices, and about the rooms were pieces of massive and costly furniture and draperies representing a small fortune, and covering the floors were carpets on which it seemed almost sacrilege to tread. He had expended a fortune for physical pleasure, comfort, luxury and display, but there was scarcely a book in the house.

It was pitiful to think of the physical surfeit and mental starvation of the children of such a home as that. He told me that he came to the city a poor boy, with all his worldly possessions done up in a little red bandana. "I am a millionaire," he said, "but I want to tell you that I would give half I have today for a decent education."

One of the sad things about the neglected opportunities for self-improvement is that they put people of great natural ability at a disadvantage among those who are their mental inferiors.

I know a pitiable case of a born naturalist whose education was so neglected in youth that later, when he came to know more about natural history than almost any man of his day, he could not write a grammatical sentence, and could never make his ideas live in words, perpetuate them in books, because of his ignorance of even the rudiments of an education. Think of the suffering of this splendid man, who was conscious of possessing colossal scientific knowledge, and yet was absolutely unable to express himself grammatically! It is difficult to conceive of a greater misfortune than always to be embarrassed and handicapped just because of the neglect of early years.

Many a girl of good natural ability spends her most productive years as a cheap clerk or in a mediocre position because she never thought it worth

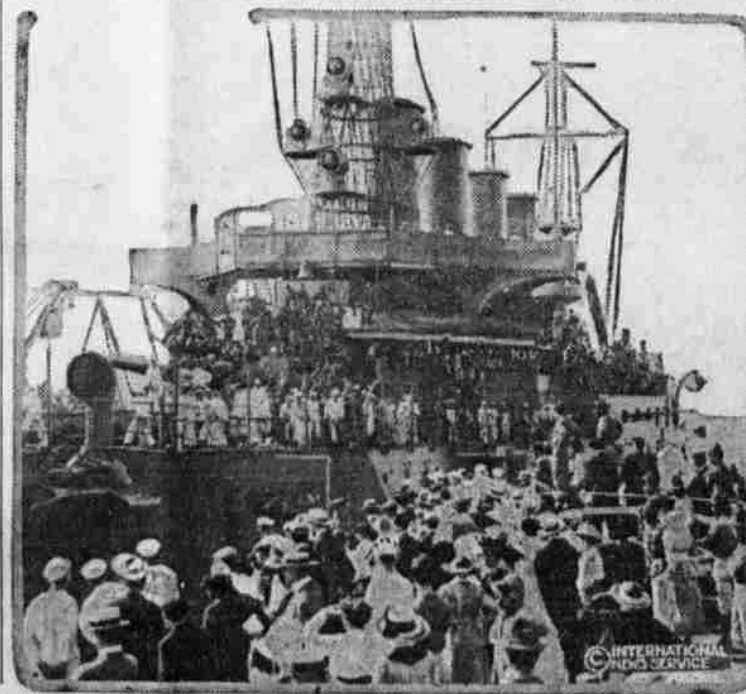
## EXPLANATION OF THE CROWD

Few Members of Big Gatherings Act and Think as They Would Do as Individuals.

The most striking peculiarity presented by a psychological crowd, according to Gustav Le Bon, is the following: Whoever be the individuals that compose it, however like or unlike be their mode of life, their occupations, their character or their intelligence, the fact that they have

been transformed into a crowd puts them in possession of a sort of collective mind which makes them feel, think and act in a manner quite different from that in which each individual of them would feel, think and act were he in a state of isolation. There are certain ideas and feelings which do not come into being or do not transform themselves into acts except in the case of individuals forming a crowd. The psychological crowd is a provisional being formed of heterogeneous

## U. S. BATTLESHIP READY FOR SEA



elements which for a moment are combined exactly as the cells which constitute a living body form by their reunion a new being which displays characteristics very different from those possessed by each of the cells singly. What really takes place is a combination followed by the creation of new characteristics, just as in chemistry certain elements, when brought into contact—bases and acids, for example—combine to form a new body possessing properties quite different from

those of the bodies that have served to form it. How often stenographers are mortified by the use of some unfamiliar word or term, or quotation, because of the shallowness of their preparation! It is not enough to be able to take dictation when ordinary letters are given, not enough to do the ordinary routine of office work. The ambitious stenographer must be prepared for the unusual word or expression, must have good reserves of knowledge to draw from in case of emergency. If she is constantly slipping up on her grammar, or is all at sea the moment she steps out of her ordinary routine, her employer knows that her preparation is shallow, that her education is limited, and her prospects will be limited, also.

Everywhere we go we see men and women, especially from twenty-five to forty years of age, who are cramped and seriously handicapped by the lack of early training. I often receive letters from such people, asking if it is possible for them to educate themselves so late in life. Of course it is. There are so many good correspondence schools today, and institutions like Chautauqua, so many evening

schools, lectures, books, libraries and periodicals, that men and women who are determined to improve themselves have abundant opportunities to do so. One trouble with people who are smarting under the consciousness of deficient education is that they do not realize the immense value of utilizing spare minutes. Like many boys who will not save their pennies and small change because they cannot see how a fortune could ever grow by the saving, they cannot see how a little studying here and there each day will ever amount to a good substitute for a college education.

People who feel their lack of education, and who can afford the outlay, can make wonderful strides in a year by putting themselves under good tutors, who will direct their reading and study along different lines. There is one special advantage in self-education—you can adapt the studies to your own particular needs better than you could in school or college. Everyone who reaches middle life without an education should first read and study along the line of his own vocation, and then broaden himself as much as possible by reading on other lines.

Every well-ordered household ought to protect the time of those who desire to study at home. At a fixed hour every evening during the long winter there should be by common consent a quiet period for mental concentration, for what is worth while in mental discipline, a quiet hour uninterrupted by the thief callers. There is a divine hunger in every normal being for growth or enlargement. Beware of selling this craving of nature for self-fulfillment. There is untold wealth locked up in the long winter evenings and odd moments ahead of you. A great opportunity confronts you. What will you do with it?

**No Longer Room at the Top.** Prof. Scott Nearing says the motto, "there is plenty of room at the top" is no longer true in this country on account of the fact that in every great industry only three or four men rise to the top. The professor's statement is no doubt literally correct, but he will probably not deny that the motto still applies to those spheres of activity which cannot be considered under the head of industry.—Washington Herald.

**Needed it.** Theatrical Manager—Hi, there! What are you doing with that pistol? Discouraged Lover—Going to kill myself. Theatrical Manager—Hold on a minute. If you're bound to do it, won't you be good enough to leave a note saying you did it for love of Miss Star, our leading lady? It's a dull season, and every little helps.

God's first remedy was to feed his fainting servant and then give him a task to perform, viz., a journey to Mount Horeb (Mount of God), for God loved him just as truly now as previously at Carmel. In this new strength Elijah went "forty days" (v. 8; 1 Pet. 2:2).

**II. The Encouraging God, vv. 9-13.** God's second remedy was to give Elijah his word through this time it suggested reproof. "What doest thou here?" Elijah is out of place. In reply he begins to rehearse his loyalty to God, and how he had the others were and then in seeming petulance he adds, "and they seek my life." "I only," are the words of the selfish man and when Elijah used them he too was a backslidden servant. It is true that there was great apostasy in Israel but the prophet was far from being the only true servant remaining. (See 18:4; 20:13; 22:35, 41; 23:8). This is a favorite way the Evil One has for paralyzing our efforts. There is no evidence but that the 7,000 were as brave, certainly at that moment more so, than Elijah. God then continued his treatment by giving the prophet a vision of himself and of his methods for advancing his kingdom. A series of symbols made the truth plainer and more impressive than words alone could possibly have done. Leaving the protecting cave Elijah first met a wind which "rent the mountains," a type of Elijah's past activity. This was not God's chief power nor method. The mighty wind which destroys is as nothing compared to the silent forces which create.

It is not always the cyclonic fire and earthquake men and women who wield the greatest power and influence. We are told that man never feels so abjectly helpless as in an earthquake, "but the Lord was not in the earthquake" (v. 12). "After the earthquake a fire" (v. 13), and that had been God's symbol on Mount Carmel. Men who crave such visible evidences of power frequently ignore those more silent but none the less effective forms of ministry as suggested by the "still small voice," or literally, "a sound of gentle stillness" (v. 12). Stirring revivals are necessary, even as Ahab needed rain upon his parched land, but the silent progress of a religious life is not soon passed over for it goes on in the power of an endless life. After these symbols God again asks his searching question: "What doest thou here, Elijah?" He had had his lesson; now it is time for him to do something.

**III. The Result, vv. 14-18.** As a sovereign remedy God now sets before Elijah three definite tasks to perform. Elijah still speaks of his faithfulness as though the success of The Cause depended upon him. The man who assumes that attitude in the work of God's kingdom will, like Elijah, soon be set aside. Elijah's first task was to avoid Israel and go to Damascus, and "anoint"—set apart for special service—Hazael (v. 17), who was to be the instrument of punishing Israel. His next task was to find Jehu, the commander in chief of Ahab's army, and set him aside to be the king, not immediately but to be in training for that office.

**IV. The Result, vv. 19-24.** As a sovereign remedy God now sets before Elijah three definite tasks to perform. Elijah still speaks of his faithfulness as though the success of The Cause depended upon him. The man who assumes that attitude in the work of God's kingdom will, like Elijah, soon be set aside. Elijah's first task was to avoid Israel and go to Damascus, and "anoint"—set apart for special service—Hazael (v. 17), who was to be the instrument of punishing Israel. His next task was to find Jehu, the commander in chief of Ahab's army, and set him aside to be the king, not immediately but to be in training for that office.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By O. E. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute.)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 12

ELIJAH'S FLIGHT AND RETURN.

LESSON TEXT—I Kings 19:1-18. (Read entire chapter.)  
GOLDEN TEXT—Be still and know that I am God. Ps. 46:10.

Elijah's great victory over the prophets of Baal which resulted in their extermination is followed by a most notable prayer service on the top of Mount Carmel (18:42-45). So confident was the prophet that at the arising of "a little cloud," he hastily summoned the feasting king and urges his departure to his home, "that the rain stop thee not." The God whom Elijah had honored so signally that day laid his hand upon the prophet (18:46) so that he was able to outrun the king's horses to the entrance of Jezreel. There he is met by a messenger of the wicked queen (19:2) who had been the protector and provider of the slain prophets. Getting his eyes off of God and seeing only a vile and wicked woman Elijah not only ran for his life out of Ahab's domains but also "went a day's journey into the wilderness" to the protecting shade of a juniper tree (v. 4).

**I. The Discouraged Prophet, vv. 4-8.** Old and young, great and small, we all have our periods of discouragement and frequently despair. Christian's encounter with Giant Despair appeals to us all for it is so true to life. At Carmel Elijah controlled the king; in his palace at Jezreel, Jezebel soon shattered his good resolutions, if he had any. We must recall that it was Jezebel's suggestion in the fact that Elijah did not enter her presence (18:46). Yonder in the wilderness, his Gethsemane, Elijah prayed a vastly different sort of prayer than upon Mount Carmel. Jezebel is still in power. Heathenism is not overthrown, his efforts had been but trying to "dam Niagara with bulrushes."

No one who has ever heard the oratorio "Elijah" sung will ever forget the bitter agony of "It is enough." The prophet who alone had been exalted to the heights was alone capable of sounding such a depth of human despair. The sources of his discouragement were his physical condition, his loneliness, inactivity, mental reaction and a feeling that his cause was lost.

History is lined with similar experiences in the lives of the leaders of men. Elijah's experience under the juniper tree came chiefly from representing feelings as though they were facts.

God's first remedy was to feed his fainting servant and then give him a task to perform, viz., a journey to Mount Horeb (Mount of God), for God loved him just as truly now as previously at Carmel. In this new strength Elijah went "forty days" (v. 8; 1 Pet. 2:2).

**II. The Encouraging God, vv. 9-13.** God's second remedy was to give Elijah his word through this time it suggested reproof. "What doest thou here?" Elijah is out of place. In reply he begins to rehearse his loyalty to God, and how he had the others were and then in seeming petulance he adds, "and they seek my life." "I only," are the words of the selfish man and when Elijah used them he too was a backslidden servant. It is true that there was great apostasy in Israel but the prophet was far from being the only true servant remaining. (See 18:4; 20:13; 22:35, 41; 23:8). This is a favorite way the Evil One has for paralyzing our efforts. There is no evidence but that the 7,000 were as brave, certainly at that moment more so, than Elijah. God then continued his treatment by giving the prophet a vision of himself and of his methods for advancing his kingdom. A series of symbols made the truth plainer and more impressive than words alone could possibly have done. Leaving the protecting cave Elijah first met a wind which "rent the mountains," a type of Elijah's past activity. This was not God's chief power nor method. The mighty wind which destroys is as nothing compared to the silent forces which create.

It is not always the cyclonic fire and earthquake men and women who wield the greatest power and influence. We are told that man never feels so abjectly helpless as in an earthquake, "but the Lord was not in the earthquake" (v. 12). "After the earthquake a fire" (v. 13), and that had been God's symbol on Mount Carmel. Men who crave such visible evidences of power frequently ignore those more silent but none the less effective forms of ministry as suggested by the "still small voice," or literally, "a sound of gentle stillness" (v. 12). Stirring revivals are necessary, even as Ahab needed rain upon his parched land, but the silent progress of a religious life is not soon passed over for it goes on in the power of an endless life. After these symbols God again asks his searching question: "What doest thou here, Elijah?" He had had his lesson; now it is time for him to do something.

**III. The Result, vv. 14-18.** As a sovereign remedy God now sets before Elijah three definite tasks to perform. Elijah still speaks of his faithfulness as though the success of The Cause depended upon him. The man who assumes that attitude in the work of God's kingdom will, like Elijah, soon be set aside. Elijah's first task was to avoid Israel and go to Damascus, and "anoint"—set apart for special service—Hazael (v. 17), who was to be the instrument of punishing Israel. His next task was to find Jehu, the commander in chief of Ahab's army, and set him aside to be the king, not immediately but to be in training for that office.

**IV. The Result, vv. 19-24.** As a sovereign remedy God now sets before Elijah three definite tasks to perform. Elijah still speaks of his faithfulness as though the success of The Cause depended upon him. The man who assumes that attitude in the work of God's kingdom will, like Elijah, soon be set aside. Elijah's first task was to avoid Israel and go to Damascus, and "anoint"—set apart for special service—Hazael (v. 17), who was to be the instrument of punishing Israel. His next task was to find Jehu, the commander in chief of Ahab's army, and set him aside to be the king, not immediately but to be in training for that office.